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THE HOUR HAS STRUCK

(*A War Poem*)

AND OTHER POEMS



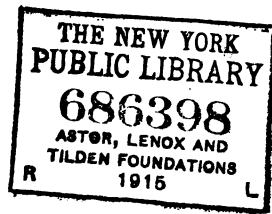
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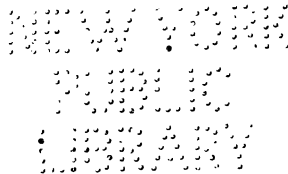


SECOND EDITION
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WILLIAM
CLARK
WHEELER

DEDICATED TO
THE WORLD MOVEMENT FOR A HIGHER BROTHERHOOD,
A MORE DYNAMIC SPIRITUALITY, AND THE FREEING
OF MANKIND FROM SUPERSTITION, POVERTY,
DISEASE AND WARFARE.

FOR THE FULFILLMENT OF THESE
IDEALS
AND FOR THE COMING OF THAT LIBERATED WOMANHOOD
WHICH IS TO BRING THE BETTER RACE
THE AUTHOR FEELS
THAT *THE HOUR HAS STRUCK*



Thanks are due to the editors of *The Outlook*, *Everybody's Magazine*, *The Cosmopolitan*, *Collier's Weekly*, *Good Housekeeping*, *The Ladies' Home Journal*, *The Designer*, *The Delineator*, *Ainslee's Magazine*, *The Pictorial Review*, *New York American*, *To-Day's Magazine*, *The Congregationalist*, *Flying*, and other periodicals, for permission to reprint these poems.

WILLIAM
CLARK
WHEELER

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FOREWORD

IN presenting the second edition of my book to the public, I wish to express my appreciation of the generous patronage bestowed upon the work. I am happy to have this opportunity to thank all my readers who have so heartily helped to make this volume a success, and to hope that this edition will find equal approval and win further friends.

THE AUTHOR.

I.

THE HOUR HAS STRUCK

Now let the people stand and take great heed—
The time is ripe for the immortal deed,
The call is loud for the untrammeled man
To execute God's plan.
Men have gone back unto their primal greed,
On all the hopes of earth have they gone back,
Traitors to faith and every human creed—
Justice and Life and Truth are on the rack.
A Monster crouches on the breast of Time,
Fiercer than Moloch, filthier than crime;
A Monster foaming drunk with human gore—
Poets may sing their battle hymns no more.
Poets no more their battle songs may raise,
Nor priest nor patriot sound their putrid praise—
Their blasphemies were smitten from the pen,
Their voices hushed by shrieks of dying men.
Let him who tries
To light his lyric by those crimson skies
Look on this Monster with the hideous head,
White with the staring eyeballs of the dead.
Let him behold the Terror face to face,

Demon of death, destroyer of the race.
O world, what is this Horror ye have spawned?
In every land where human hope has dawned,
Straddling the scarlet centuries of waste,
Travels the awful Shape that Greed has traced.
Here have men fawned
And offered up their veins in every age
To feed his rage.
Rome pampered him and Carthage gave her strength;
Down all the ancient length
Of Babylon and Nineveh and Tyre
His hunger made of earth a funeral pyre.
Proud Egypt poured
Armies and ships and men, a precious hoard,
And lavish Persia gave her thousand fleets,
Yet all Time's judgment seats
And all Time's penitence may not atone
For broken mother hearts that bled alone.
Art, commerce, industry and human fate,
These have we fed the fiend insatiate.
Man's genius, that should save and not destroy,
Has been his toy.
And gold that should be building up the race,

Feeding a starved and martyred populace
Has gone to glut the Creature's grinning jaws
And magnify his cause.
Rulers of blood, from Nero back to Cain,
And onward to this present hour of pain,
Have gorged him with their million, million slain.
Assyria gave her host of flashing spears,
And France and England for a hundred years—
Yet none have answered for the people's tears.
What are we waiting for? And can we wait
While at our gate
This red colossal Shape of armored Strife
Fastens its fangs upon the throat of Life?
Whose dragon wings, unfurled,
Drip blood . . . and blood . . . and blood upon the
world?
Wait! While the demon rears, death-shod,
Belching his scorn upon the plans of God,
His bloated belly yawning for its spoils,
Progress and power crushed within his toils?
What are we waiting for? Does no one dare
To meet the grinning Terror, stare for stare?
Lives there no spirit strong enough to spring

God-armed, God-panoplied, straight at the vitals of the
hideous Thing?

Are we so caught within the Creature's spell,
Like children babbling at the door of hell,
We have no will to conquer, to compel?
May not a whole world rise
And fling its protest to the bleeding skies? . . .

A Monster sprawls upon the breast of Time—
To question or to hesitate were crime,
While o'er those awful battlefields of hate
The mothers gaze, too late!
It is the world-command, God's judgment call,
Greater than all.

*The hour is here for the immortal deed;
For huge, majestic action we have need—
Now let the people stand—and take great heed!*

TO-DAY

To be alive in such an age!
With every year a lightning page
Turned in the world's great wonder-book
Whereon the leaning nations look.
When men speak strong for brotherhood,
For peace and universal good;
When miracles are everywhere,
And every inch of common air
Throbs a tremendous prophecy
Of greater marvels yet to be.
Oh, thrilling age!
Oh, willing age!
When steel and stone and rail and rod
Become the utterance of God,
A trump to shout his thunder through,
Proclaiming all that man may do.

To be alive in such an age!
When man, impatient of his cage,
Thrills to the soul's immortal rage
For conquest—reaches goal on goal,
Travels the earth from pole to pole,

Garners the tempests and the tides,
And on a dream triumphant rides.
When, hid within a lump of clay,
A light more terrible than day
Proclaims the presence of that Force
Which hurls the planets on their course.
Oh, age with wings!
Oh, age that flings
A challenge to the very sky
Where endless realms of conquest lie!
When earth, on tiptoe, strives to hear
The message of a sister sphere,
Yearning to reach the cosmic wires
That flash Infinity's desires.

To be alive in such an age!
That thunders forth its discontent
With futile creed and sacrament,
Yet craves to utter God's intent,
Seeing beneath the world's unrest
Creation's huge, untiring quest,
And through Tradition's broken crust
The flame of Truth's triumphant thrust;

Below the seething thought of man
The push of a stupendous plan.
Oh, age of strife!
Oh, age of life!
When Progress rides her chariot high
And on the borders of the sky
The signals of the century
Proclaim the things that are to be—
The rise of woman to her place,
The coming of a nobler race.

To be alive in such an age!
To live to it!
To give to it!
Rise, soul, from thy despairing knees.
What if thy lips have drunk the lees?
The passion of a larger claim
Will put thy puny grief to shame.
Fling forth thy sorrow to the wind
And link thy hope with humankind;
Breathe the world-thought, do the world-deed,
Think hugely of thy brother's need.
And what thy woe, and what thy weal?
Look to the work the times reveal!

Give thanks with all thy flaming heart,
Crave but to have in it a part.
Give thanks and clasp thy heritage—
To be alive in such an age!

IN THE BEGINNING

The great God dreamed a dream through me,
Mighty as dream of God could be;
He made me a victorious man,
Shaped me unto a perfect plan,
Summoned me forth to radiant birth
Upon the radiant earth.
He lavished gifts within my hand,
Gave me the power to command
The thundering forces that he hurled
Upon the seething world. . . .
Creation's dream was wondrous good
Had I but understood.

— The great God dreamed a dream through me,
But I was blind and could not see;
My royal gifts were laid in rust,
For parentage, I claimed the dust.
Decay and sorrow, age and blight—
These gifts I deemed my right.

The great God spoke a word through me—
That word was *Life*. How can it be
That I, in God's own substance made,

Should face the universe, afraid?
Born of eternal life am I—
Why should I fail and die?
O God, so huge was thine intent,
So greatly was thy passion spent,
This counterfeit is not the plan
That Thou didst dream for man.
'Tis this: Man's dream must mate with thine,
Man's word, man's life, must be divine;
Man must be conscious through and through
To make Thy dream come true!

KINSHIP

I am aware,
As I go commonly sweeping the stair,
Doing my part of the every-day care—
Human and simple my lot and my share—
 I am aware of a marvelous thing:
 Voices that murmur and ethers that ring
 In the far stellar spaces where cherubim sing.
I am aware of the passion that pours
Down the channels of fire through Infinity's doors;
 Forces terrific, with melody shod,
 Music that mates with the pulses of God.
I am aware of the glory that runs
From the core of myself to the core of the suns.
 Bound to the stars by invisible chains,
 Blaze of eternity now in my veins,
 Seeing the rush of ethereal rains
Here in the midst of the every-day air—
 I am aware.

I am aware,
As I sit quietly here in my chair,
Sewing or reading or braiding my hair—

Human and simple my lot and my share—
I am aware of the systems that swing
Through the aisles of creation on heavenly wing,
I am aware of a marvelous thing:
Trail of the comets in furious flight,
Thunders of beauty that shatter the night,
Terrible triumph of pageants that march
To the trumpets of time through Eternity's arch.
I am aware of the splendor that ties
All the things of the earth with the things of the
skies,
Here in my body the heavenly heat,
Here in my flesh the melodious beat
Of the planets that circle Divinity's feet.
As I sit silently here in my chair,
I am aware.

A SONG OF THANKSGIVING

Thank God I can rejoice
In human things—the multitude's glad voice,
The street's warm surge beneath the city light,
The rush of hurrying faces on my sight,
The million-celled emotion in the press
That would their human fellowship confess.
Thank Thee because I may my brother feed,
That Thou hast opened me unto his need,
Kept me from being callous, cold and blind,
Taught me the melody of being kind.
Thus, for my own and for my brother's sake—
 Thank Thee I am awake!

Thank Thee that I can trust!
That though a thousand times I feel the thrust
Of faith betrayed, I still have faith in man,
Believe him pure and good since time began—
Thy child forever, though he may forget
The perfect mold in which his soul was set.
Thank Thee that when love dies, fresh love springs up,
New wonders pour from Heaven's cup.
Young to my soul the ancient need returns,

Immortal in my heart the ardor burns;
My altar fires replenished from above—
Thank Thee that I can love!

Thank Thee that I can hear,
Finely and keenly with the inner ear,
Below the rush and clamor of a throng
The mighty music of the under-song.
And when the day has journeyed to its rest,
Lo! as I listen, from the amber west,
Where the great organ lifts its glowing spires,
There sounds the chanting of the unseen choirs.
Thank Thee for sight that shows the hidden flame
Beneath all breathing, throbbing things the same,
Thy Pulse the pattern of the thing to be . . .
Thank Thee that I can see!

Thank Thee that I can feel!
That though life's blade be terrible as steel,
My soul is stript and naked to the fang,
I crave the stab of beauty and the pang.
To be alive,
To think, to yearn, to strive,
To suffer torture when the goal is wrong,

To be sent back and fashioned strong,
Rejoicing in the lesson that was taught
By all the good the grim experience wrought;
At last, exulting, to *arrive* . . .
 Thank God I am alive!

KNOW THYSELF

Reined by an unseen tyrant's hand,
Spurred by an unseen tyrant's will,
Aquiver at the fierce command
That goads you up the danger hill,
You cry: "O Fate, O Life, be kind!
Grant but an hour of respite—give
One moment to my suffering mind!
I can not keep the pace and live."
But Fate drives on and will not heed
The lips that beg, the feet that bleed.
Drives, while you faint upon the road,
Drives, with a menace for a goad;
With fiery reins of circumstance
Urging his terrible advance
The while you cry in your despair,
"The pain is more than I can bear!"

Fear not the goad, fear not the pace,
Plead not to fall from out the race—
It is your own Self driving you,
Your Self that you have never known,
Seeing your little self alone.

Your Self, high-seated charioteer,
Master of cowardice and fear,
Your Self that sees the shining length
Of all the fearful road ahead,
Knows that the terrors that you dread
Are pigmies to your splendid strength;
Strength you have never even guessed,
Strength that has never needed rest.
Your Self that holds the mastering rein,
Seeing beyond the sweat and pain
And anguish of your driven soul,
The patient beauty of the goal!

Fighting upon the terror field
Where man and Fate come breast to breast,
Prest by a thousand foes to yield,
Tortured and wounded without rest,
You cried: "Be merciful, O Life—
The strongest spirit soon must break
Before this all-unequal strife,
This endless fight for failure's sake!"
But Fate, unheeding, lifted high
His sword, and thrust you through to die.
And then there came one strong and great,

Who towered high o'er Chance and Fate,
Who bound your wound and eased your pain
And bade you rise and fight again.
And from some source you did not guess
Gushed a great tide of happiness—
A courage mightier than the sun—
You rose and fought and, fighting, won!

It was your own Self saving you,
Your Self no man has ever known,
Looking on flesh and blood alone.
The Self that lives as close to God
As roots that feed upon the sod.
That one who stands behind the screen,
Looks through the window of your eyes—
A being out of Paradise.
The Self no human eye has seen,
The living one who never tires,
Fed by the deep eternal fires.
Your flaming Self, with two-edged sword,
Made in the likeness of the Lord,
Angel and guardian at the gate,
Master of Death and King of Fate!

ROOM!

I will hew great spaces for my soul,
Hours of majesty, aisles of beauty;
Out of the solid universe will I hew them
That my perishing soul may pass through them,
That my passionate spirit have room to grow,
That the mind of me may not suffer so,
That I faint not here 'mid the pitiful round of duty—
I will hew great spaces, marvelous places, for my soul.

I will hew great paths for my soul,
Out of the shining ether, keen as quicksilver, solid as
steel,

To know what the Void may reveal.

My soul that is shrivelling here on earth
Must have fresh birth.

That the claims of earth may not bind me,
That death may not find me,

I will hew great spaces, huge places of life for my soul.

I will seek me a way no man has trod,

I will blaze new trails to the heart of God.

That my soul may walk wider ways than earth,

My soul and the souls of the world—

I will challenge the Void where the secrets of life are
furred,

I will cleave new paths, that all may have fresh birth.

I will hew great windows for my soul,
Channels of splendor, portals of release;
Out of earth's prison walls will I hew them,
That my thundering soul may push through them;
Through stratas of human strife and passion
I will tunnel a way, I will carve and fashion
With the might of my soul's intensity
Windows fronting immensity,
Towering out of Time.

I will breathe the air of another clime
That my spirit's pain may cease.
That the *being* of me have room to grow,
That my eyes may meet God's eyes and know,
I will hew great windows, wonderful windows, measureless windows, for my soul.

I will weave great melodies for my soul,
Storms of harmony, hurricanes of feeling;
Out of the cosmic rhythm will I choir them,
Infinity's breath shall inspire them,

And chorusing orbs in their wheeling.
That the sadness of earth may not 'numb me
And grief overcome me,
Here where terror and strife abound
I will mount and mount on wings of sound;
I will soar on symphonies of might,
Lifted and carried
Where whirlwinds are married
To challenge the worlds in their flight.
That earth may hear and rejoice
I will summon the stars for their voice;
I will marshal the music of manifold spheres,
I will capture the chords of the thundering years,
From the course where Aldebaran runs
I will summon the suns.

I will range the abysm from sun to sod,
Spaces ringing and singing with God,
To the uttermost bounds of being,
Past earthly sense and seeing,
Till my passionate spirit has found at last
A splendid place in the splendid vast.
I, I, the immeasurable I, greater than suns or stars or
spaces,

Born of Creation's boundless places,
I, who am perishing here on earth,
I will rend my way to a larger birth.
Fetters and bars, I will shout my way through them;
Planets and stars, like chaff will I strew them.
That my spirit may hugely survive,
For I am alive, alive!

II.

IN THE WOODS

Here that wide Presence, which in open ways
Diffuses in the glare of common things,
Drowned in the tumult of our temporal days,
Lost in the stress of selfish clamorings,
Regains its Being in the eternal hush;
Gathers in close communion with the trees,
Whispers in thrilling messages that rush
In full recovered rapture on the breeze.

Listen—and you can hear it singing fine
In threadlike melody along the leaves.
Look—and it leaps in light upon the vine,
Or drips in magic from invisible eaves.
Here throbs the heart that underlies the world,
Its pulses naked to the leaning breast,
Here stream the primal mysteries, unfurled,
Here are creation's yearnings full confessed.

WHAT WORD?

Down of the moth,
Dust of ethereal cloth,
Lint of the butterfly's wing,
Whence did you spring?
What substance was caught
And cunningly wrought
Divinely to spin you
And gently begin you?
Are you made of sun shimmer
Or firefly's glimmer?
Are you gathered at dusk
From invisible husk,
Borne through the gloom
To mysterious loom,
There to be taken,
Sifted and shaken,
Carefully cloven,
Wondrously woven,
Shredded and shaded,
Winningly braided,
Finished and flung

Where breezes are hung?
Down of the moth,
Dust of ethereal cloth,
Lint of the butterfly's wing,
Whence did you spring?

Down of the moth,
Dust of ethereal cloth,
Lint of the butterfly's wing,
What word do you bring?
At the looms where they fashioned
You faint as a breath,
Did your making mean death?
Such is the penalty here on the earth
For fabrics of worth.
Did some stunted finger
Caressingly linger
To thresh you
And mesh you?
Did wan women die
For want of the sky?

Such is the sacrifice mortals must make
For finery's sake.

Did fair elfin children
Whose birthright is play
The penalty pay?
Did they drudge in the dark
To powder your spark?
Are you fashioned of blood, are you fashioned of
 pain,
By the anguish of souls do you measure the gain?
Down of the moth,
Dust of ethereal cloth
Lint of the butterfly's wing—
What word do you bring?

JUNE RAPTURE

Green! What a world of green! My startled soul
Panting for beauty long denied,
Leaps in a passion of high gratitude
To meet the wild embraces of the wood;
Rushes and flings itself upon the whole
Mad miracle of green, with senses wide;
Clings to the glory, hugs and holds it fast,
As one who finds a long-lost love at last.
Billows of green that break upon the sight
In bounteous crescendos of delight;
Wind-hurried verdure hastening up the hills
To where the sun its highest rapture spills;
Cascades of color tumbling down the height
In golden gushes of delicious light—
God! Can I bear the beauty of this day,
Or shall I be swept utterly away?

Hush—here are deeps of green, where rapture stills,
Sheathing itself in veils of amber dusk;
Breathing a silence suffocating, sweet,
Wherein a million hidden pulses beat.
Look! How the very air takes fire and thrills

With hint of heaven pushing through her husk.
Ah, joy's not stopped! 'Tis only more intense,
Here where Creation's ardors all condense;
Here where I crush me to the radiant sod,
Close-folded to the very nerves of God.
See now—I hold my heart against this tree;
The life that thrills its trembling leaves thrills me.
There's not a pleasure pulsing through its veins
That does not sting me with ecstatic pains.
No twig or tracery, however fine,
Can bear a tale of joy exceeding mine.

Praised be the gods that made my spirit mad,
Kept me aflame and raw to beauty's touch,
Lashed me and scourged me with the whip of fate,
Gave me so often agony for mate;
Tore from my heart the things that make men glad—
Praised be the gods! If I at last, by such
Relentless means may know the sacred bliss,
The anguished rapture of an hour like this.
Smite me, O Life, and bruise me if thou must;
Mock me and starve me with thy bitter crust,
But keep me thus aquiver and awake,
Enamoured of my life, for living's sake!

This were the tragedy—that I should pass,
Dull and indifferent through the glowing grass.
And this the reason I was born, I say—
That I might know the passion of this day!

III.

WORK

A SONG OF TRIUMPH

Work!

Thank God for the might of it,
The ardor, the urge, the delight of it—
Work that springs from the heart's desire,
Setting the brain and the soul on fire—
Oh, what is so good as the heat of it,
And what is so glad as the beat of it,
And what is so kind as the stern command,
Challenging brain and heart and hand?

Work!

Thank God for the pride of it,
For the beautiful, conquering tide of it,
Sweeping the life in its furious flood,
Thrilling the arteries, cleansing the blood,
Mastering stupor and dull despair,
Moving the dreamer to do and dare.
Oh, what is so good as the urge of it,
And what is so glad as the surge of it,
And what is so strong as the summons deep,
Rousing the torpid soul from sleep?

Work!

Thank God for the pace of it,
For the terrible, keen, swift race of it;
Fiery steeds in full control,
Nostrils aquiver to greet the goal.
Work, the Power that drives behind,
Guiding the purposes, taming the mind,
Holding the runaway wishes back,
Reining the will to one steady track,
Speeding the energies faster, faster,
Triumphing over disaster.

Oh, what is so good as the pain of it,
And what is so great as the gain of it?
And what is so kind as the cruel goad,
Forcing us on through the rugged road?

Work!

Thank God for the swing of it,
For the clamoring, hammering ring of it,
Passion of labor daily hurled
On the mighty anvils of the world.
Oh, what is so fierce as the flame of it?
And what is so huge as the aim of it?

Thundering on through dearth and doubt,
Calling the plan of the Maker out.
Work, the Titan; Work, the friend,
Shaping the earth to a glorious end,
Draining the swamps and blasting the hills,
Doing whatever the Spirit wills—
Rending a continent apart,
To answer the dream of the Master heart.
Thank God for a world where none may shirk—
Thank God for the splendor of work!

CONQUERORS

Ye who ascend into the cosmic blue,
Pledged to the glory of a mighty cause,
Clean-stript of cowardice, of self devoid,
Laughing to see the sudden yearning jaws
Of Death below you in the swimming void—
How shall we name a tribute fit for you?
How shall we build a monument whose height
Shall match the marvel of your splendid flight?

Soldiers ye are, before whose glorious deed
Praise topples prone and petty lips are dumb.
Ye gladly forfeit life and all it brings,
That in the kindling centuries to come,
Men, free as gods, shall cleave the air with wings,
Shall stride their superstitions as a steed;
Mounting with ecstasy the waiting herds
Of willing clouds, unfettered as the birds.

Brave navigators ye, in ships of air,
Heralds of progress, servants of the race.
Great as Columbus was and yet more bold,
Ye plumb the regions of uncharted space

**That millions now unborn shall yet be told
How mind has conquered matter everywhere!
Ye dare, that man may see himself supreme—
Lord of the air, and Master of his Dream.**

THE PASSPORT

The soul is stronger than its sin,
The man is greater than his crime;
All forces urge the upward climb
And help the fallen one to win.
No more may pulpits preach the lie
The centuries have stumbled by . . .
The man is higher than his fall,
Else he were never man at all.

O soul, who kneelest in the dust,
Stand up and face the noonday light;
Stand up! and make thy gallant fight . . .
The man is larger than his lust.
Though dogma trample thee to hell,
Press on! I tell thee, all is well.
No sin, no shame, can shackle thee,
For thou art God's and God is free!

The world may sneer thine upward climb,
But thou art greater than thy crime.
Press on, press on, nor be afraid.
Would God condemn the thing he made?

Hurl thou thy cry 'gainst heaven's gate—
God must admit thee, soon or late.
Thy passport? Saints could ask no more . . .
His Image at thy very core!

STAND FORTH!

Stand forth, my soul, and grip thy woe,
Buckle thy sword and face thy foe.
What right hast thou to be afraid
When all the universe will aid?
Ten thousand rally to thy name,
Horses and chariots of flame.
Do others fear? Do others fail?
My soul must grapple and prevail.
My soul must scale the mountain side
And with the conquering army ride—
Stand forth, my soul!

Stand forth, my soul, and take command.
'Tis I, thy master, bid thee stand.
Claim thou thy ground and thrust thy foe,
Plead not thine enemy should go.
Let others cringe! My soul is free,
No hostile host can conquer me.
There lives no circumstance so great
Can make me yield, or doubt my fate.
My soul must know what kings have known,
Must reach and claim its rightful throne—
Stand forth, my soul!

I ask no truce, I have no qualms,
I seek no quarter and no alms.
Let those who will, obey the sod;
My soul sprang from the living God.
'Tis I, the king, who bid thee stand;
Grasp with thy hand my royal hand—
Stand forth!

IV.

A SONG OF LIFE

Say not, "I live!"

Unless the morning's trumpet brings
A shock of glory to your soul,
Unless the ecstasy that sings
Through rushing worlds and insects' wings,
Sends you upspringing to your goal,
Glad of the need for toil and strife,
Eager to grapple hands with Life—
Say not, "I live!"

Say not, "I live!"

Unless the energy that rings
Throughout this universe of fire
A challenge to your spirit flings,
Here in the world of men and things,
Thrilling you with a huge desire
To mate your purpose with the stars,
To shout with Jupiter and Mars—
Say not, "I live!"

Say not, "I live!"

Such were a libel on the Plan

Blazing within the mind of God
Ere world or star or sun began.
Say rather, with your fellow man,
"I grub; I burrow in the sod."
Life is not life that does not flame
With consciousness of whence it came—
Say not, "I live!"

THE HOUSEWIFE'S HYMN

O God, I thank Thee!
With every glowing part of me,
From the whole heart of me,
I thank Thee, God!

How shall I say it? What the words to tell
The warm, sweet glory and the bosom swell?
Forgive the language of my simple tongue;
I cannot say what wiser ones have sung.
Listen, and I will tell it, God, in my own way;
For I must speak it on this wonder day.

Somehow, Father—be it not shame to me!—
'Tis in such humble ways I compass Thee.
I seem to see Thee in the simplest things:
Foamy water that bubbles and sings,
Bursting in rainbows over the washtub's rim;
The clean, sweet clothes filling my basket to the brim—
How white they flutter at the wind's brisk will
That whips them whiter still!
And when, over the ironing-board billowing clover-
sweet,
They smooth to satin beneath the friendly heat,

I feel such thrill of happiness . . . Forgive me, Lord,
If praise like mine should not accord!

God, I am one who cannot understand
The fearful works of Thy mysterious hand,
The great immensity that swings above;
The thing I understand is human love.
Yea, human love and human things: the touch
Of well-worn objects that I love so much—
Cushion and chair, dishes and pan and broom,
The comradeship of a familiar room;
My plants there in the window, and the glow
Of shining tin things hanging in a row.
Scorn, if Thou wilt, my common human way—
I must speak truth and only truth this day.

O God, I seem to find Thee everywhere!
The steam that rises from the kettle there
Seems more a miracle, somehow, to me
Than all the heavenly marvels that I see.
The hum of dear things cooking on the range
Fills me with rapture; Father, is it strange
Since these Thy products are of grain and food
And Thou Thyself hast called them very good?

And is it wrong, O God—my surging pride
When the rejoicing oven door swings wide
On russet bakings I have made to feed
My hungry brood? Thou knowest, Lord, their need.
Thou knowest how they lean to me for life;
Even the strong, brave man who calls me wife—
The father of my flock—must look to me
For blood and sinew and the strength to be.
This, then, the greatest, dearest thing of all—
To know that I may answer to their call;
That Thou hast made me mother, friend and mate,
Keeper of life and molder of their fate.
By this I know the universe as Thine—
That hearts and homes and people are divine!
Is there a greater gift in all Thy store?
My woman's heart is full—I ask no more.

O God, I thank Thee!
With every glowing part of me,
From the whole heart of me,
I thank Thee, God!

THE CHRISTMAS MIRACLE

Do you know the marvel of Christmas time,
The miracle meaning of song and chime,
Of hearty love and huge good will,
Of feasts that gladden and gifts that spill?
Do you know what happens to homes and men
When Christmas love is abroad again?
Could you look beneath, you would see the rush
Of a flood as real as a river's gush;
A torrent wonderful, deep and wide,
That sweeps the world in its magic tide.

Oh, it isn't the gift, and it isn't the feast;
Of all the miracles, these are least.
It's the good that flows from the hearts of men
When Christmas love is abroad again.
For wishes are real, and love is a force,
And the tide, which ages ago had source
In the heart of a babe, has grown and gained
Till all humanity, single-veined,
Answers the call of the mighty surge,
Swings to the great resistless urge.

Oh, vain is the boast of the hardened one
Who scouts what the centuries have done.
Be he ever so mean, be he ever so cold,
Though his heart be flint and his claim be bold,
His veins will tingle, his pulses thrill,
To the sound of "Peace on earth, good will!"
Why, even the man who grips his purse
With a stingy mouth and a cruel curse
Must yield to the flood and be borne away
To join in the glory of Christmas Day.

Have you guessed the secret of Christmas night,
When the whole world loves with all its might,
When the whole world gives with a lavish hand
And joy is awake throughout the land?
Do you know the marvel that happens then
In the glow that goes from the hearts of men?
Have you looked beneath, have you seen the fire
That leaps from the soul of a great desire—
A warmth as real as the heat that springs
From the hearth where the great log laughs and sings?

Oh, it isn't the holly, it isn't the snow,
It isn't the tree or the firelight glow;

It's the flame that goes from the hearts of men
When Christmas love is abroad again.
'Tis the laughter of children, quivering high
In a shower of radiance to the sky.
For wishes are real, and love is a force,
And the torch which ages ago had source
In the star that lighted the wise men's way
Burns with a magical fire to-day.

So great the shining, so pure the blaze,
It reaches beyond, through the stellar ways,
Till—listen! A wind voice told it me—
Our globe that swims in ethereal sea
Glow like a lamp whose flame is love
To the other worlds that swing above;
And this the signal that makes them know
We have hearths and homes and cheer below.
Why, gods and angels walk by the light
That streams from the earth on Christmas night!

THE DWELLING PLACE

Dawn; and a star; and the sea unfurled;
And a miracle hush hanging over the world;
And I standing lone by the edge of the sea—
When lo, God came and spoke to me.
He spoke to me, and I hid my face,
For a wide white glory illum'ed the place.
And I bowed me, trembling: "Oh, God," I cried,
"Is it here that thy Presence thou dost hide?"

"Hast thou always dwelt mid the sea and sky
In the hush that quivers when day is nigh?
I have sought thee long, but have sought in vain,
Through years of trial, through nights of pain,
And all the while thou wert waiting far
In the wave, in the dawn, in the paling star!
Had I known, O God, of thy dwelling place
I might long ago have seen thy face!"

But God made answer, "Not in the star,
Or the dawn, or the wave, did I wait afar.
O, child of mine, I was close to thee—
Thou wert always held in the arms of me.

But only now are thine eyes unsealed
And my Ever-presence to thee revealed.
Go, turn thee back to the world of men;
Thou shalt never search in vain again.

"On the darkest days thou shalt see my light,
My eyes shall look from the eyes of night;
In the voices of children my voice shall ring,
My splendor shine in the humblest thing.
Thy daily task—it shall thrill with me,
For I shall be near to commune with thee.
O child, this moment thy breath is mine.
Hush—listen! My pulse beats now with thine."
Dawn; and a star; and the sea unfurled;
And a miracle hush hanging over the world.

V.

YOUR COMING

If melody could blossom into color,
If chime of bells could shower into light,
If song could swell in radiance full and fuller—
Such were your coming, dearest, to my sight.

If radiance had a voice of rapture,
If light were song, and color melody—
Such were the music that my senses capture
When in your loveliness you lean to me!

LOVE'S TELEPATHY

Oh, you are near, my love, so near tonight
That, sitting in the dusk and silence here,
With miles between, I feel your spirit's might,
I know your heart's whole message to me, dear.

The dark is golden with you, music-filled;
My reaching thoughts have drawn you, you are mine.
So near you are, I feel your touch, love-thrilled,
The magic of you makes the moments wine.

Love, you are here! Your arms about me fold;
O blinding rapture of this certainty;
O storm of stars, O universe of gold,
Wherein I love my love, and he loves me!

MAGNOLIA MOON

Magnolia moon,
 Blossoming out of the trees,
 Blown by the breeze
Straight from the warm white heart of June—
 Magnolia moon!
Leave thy mist meadows, lean unto my sweet;
Shower her casement deep with luminous petals fleet;
 Breathe to her, shine to her all my coward lips
 would say
 Yet dare not utter as a lover may,
The times I fling me, wordless, at her feet—
 Dumb, drowned in ecstasy, afraid to look, to touch,
 to sigh.
Tell her I love her, that I die
Because of her, Magnolia moon!
 Into this plea I pour myself with might;
 Oh, serve me—serve me well this night,
 Magnolia moon,
Blown from the passionate white heart of June!

LOVE'S PASSING

A child, I lay upon my bed,
Craving the light.
The darkness caverned me with dread—
Vast, merciless the night.
Sudden a sound that broke the terror spell,
A rustle on the stair, a creaking floor,
The dear maternal step I knew so well,
And then a rush of radiance at the door!
But ere my childish passion of relief
Found voice—"Hush, go to sleep!"—her firm command.
The door closed cruelly upon my grief;
The saving light had vanished in her hand.
A woman, yearning for illumining
Along the bitter path I trod alone,
I prayed impassion'dly the fates might bring
Some radiance from the Great Unknown.
A desolation blacker than the night
Of childish fears was mine; when lo, one day—
All my starved being reaching for the light—
Love's miracle spilled stars upon my way!

But as I gazed,
My whole life thrilling to the gold—
Joy-blinded, bliss-submerged—amazed,
I saw the magic pass. The dream was told.

O God! Are not we mortals worthy love,
That it should shine on us such little while;
Just a soul's gasp—heaven's curtain rent above,
Pouring upon our sight an angel's smile—
And then—"Hush, hush—not yet!" the dread com-
mand;
The smothered glory and the vanished spark;
The loved lamp taken by an unseen hand,
Leaving us sobbing in the dark?

THE TREES

The trees are my lovers, the trees in their awful foundation,
Their socket of soundless creation;
Plumbing the earth with their wonderful wires,
Upthrusts of energy, sprung from the fires
Of primeval desires.
Oh, the awe of their hushed understanding,
Their mighty commanding!
Towers of tenderness flung to the sky
To message the call of the deep to the high,
To carry the hurt of such lovers as I.
Trees will not mock me,
Trees will not yield a cold embrace to shock me,
Nor quench my fires with nerveless inattention,
With stupid, human lack of comprehension.
Trees do not turn an unresponsive cheek
When I the hunger of my soul would speak.
Forever are they comrade to the core
Where earth's tremendous energies have store,
Their sources fathom leagues beneath the sod,
Sunk in the throbbing dynamo of God.

In the dusk, in the sweet,
I can hear their hearts beat . . .
Their branches outreaching
In tender beseeching,
Their leaves live and burning
With beautiful yearning.
Oh, the love—oh, the healing—
The exquisite feeling!
With all my adoring
I heed their imploring . . .
The trees are my lovers.

VI.

RESURRECTION

Lo! 'Mid the splendor of eternal spaces,
Pierced by the smile of God,
I looked last night upon celestial faces,
The singing ethers trod.
World upon world in rhythmic measure wheeling—
Millions of blazing suns like censers swung;
When down the lanes of light a voice came pealing,
Upon my ear its clarion message flung:
"To-day is Resurrection! Look not hence
To some far distant trumpet call to sound
That hour when, as the spirit's recompense,
Man's body shall be summoned from the ground.
O feeble souls bound close with superstition,
O blind and halt and deaf that will not hear,
There is no other miracle fruition
Than thrills the cosmos *now* from sphere to sphere!

"Earth at this hour is shaken with the passion
Of Resurrection fire.
Stupendous forces move and mold and fashion
Unto God's great desire.

The only death is death in man's perception;
The only grave is grave of blinded eyes;
Creation's marvel mocks at man's deception—
It is man's *mind* that from its tomb must rise!
To-day is Resurrection! Take the word,
Cry it aloud to all the waiting earth:
To-day is Resurrection! Thou hast heard—
Man must arise unto a nobler birth.
'Tis human thought alone is dead and sleeping,
From orb to orb God's world flames wide awake.
From vast to vast dynamic tides are sweeping—
Not God's the fault that man will not partake.

"Earth is no fated orb flung out to nourish
An aimless, empty vast—
Aloof, alone, its little while to flourish,
Robbed of its fire at last.
In all God's scheme there is no separation,
There is no Yonder and there is no Void;
One Lightning Presence runs through all Creation—
Links earth and star and sun and asteroid.
The spur that speeds Orion on his way
Thrills in man's fingers; every impetus

Of star and sun is ours; or night or day,
The torch that lights the Pleiades lights us.
Arcturus' ecstasy and man's may mingle;
One goal unites and beckons to us all;
From stone to star no destiny is single—
All are embraced within one Cosmic Call.

"Waken, O world, if ye would glimpse the wonder
Of God's great Primal Plan!
Open, O ears, if ye would hear the thunder
Hurled from the heights to man!
How long shall Christ's high message be rejected?—
Two thousand years have passed since it was told.
Must One again be born and resurrected,
E'er man shall grasp the secret, ages old?
What, then, the miracle of Easter day?
What meant the riven tomb, the hidden Might
That conquered Death and rolled the stone away
And brought the Master back to mortal sight?
This! That throughout the worlds, One Life, unbroken,
Rushes and flames in an eternal vow.
Death can not be, and never has been spoken—
God and Immortal Life are *here and now!*"

THE LIBEL

When shall the libel of old age be struck
From that fair coin, man's body? Nature burns
With big desire to brand the lie, to pluck
From plastic flesh the symbol that she spurns;
Pouring her precious treasure without stint
That man, made over like the new born child
Shall have, each year, a body undefiled,
Shining and clean from heaven's unfailing mint.

Too long has superstition paid the toll
To this supreme, insatiable sin!
Man, in Life's image, dying with his dole,
Housed with the worm, to dust and ashes kin.
There is no crime against the human race
More terrible than age—to take new gold
Perfect and pure from the eternal mould
And stamp so huge a falsehood on its face.

How dare we halt and shrivel with the years?
How dare we bow to death, decay and age
When *Life* that thunders through a million spheres,
Terrific torrent of creative rage,

Sings in our sinews, laughs within the blood,
Cries, "Counterfeit!" to man's poor tale of blight;
Shouts, "I can make you over in a night,
If ye but yield to my renewing flood."

O man, predestined creature of the sun,
Speak, in thy might, but the stupendous Truth—
Thy thought, thy will, thine aim and Nature's one—
And thou shalt know at last eternal youth!

GOD'S MAN

Man is not dust, man is not dust, I say!
A lightning substance through his being runs;
A flame he knows not of illumines his clay—
The cosmic fire that feeds the swarming suns.
As giant worlds, sent spinning into space,
Hold in their center still the parent flame,
So man, within that undiscovered place—
His center—stores the light from which he came.

Think of the radiant energy that lies
Hoarded in secret chambers of the earth;
Think of the marvels drawn from out the skies—
Light, beauty, power, of electric birth.
Then what of man, who is himself a world;
Into whose being conscious forces pour?
Since from the central sun his soul was hurled,
What of the glory thundering at his core?

Man is not flesh; man is not flesh, but fire!
His senses cheat him and his vision lies.
Swifter and keener than his soul's desire,
The flame that mothers him eludes his eyes.

Pulsing beneath all bodies, ere begun,
Flashing and thrilling close behind the screen,
A sacred substance, blinding as the sun,
Yearns for man's recognition in the seen.

We walk blindfolded in a world of light—
We could touch hands with angels, if we would;
Could, with a single utterance of might,
Commune with a celestial brotherhood.
So sheer the veil, one thrust of faith could rend
The vast illusion of our erring sense;
The facts we fear, the shapes we comprehend,
Are but the flimsiest tissues of pretense!

The times are anguished, for man feels the press
Of his divinity; through travail pains
The urge is goading him till he confess
The splendor that is crying through his veins.
Uncover, man! Thy heaven self is gold.
Gladden the eyes of Him who made thee good
In that first morning when the worlds were told
And Primal Word pronounced thine angelhood!

Dust! Why, the Future laughs at our dull sight;
Laughs at the judgment linking man to sod—

Damning him ever with decay and blight
When at his center burns the blaze of God!
The Force that flung the far suns into space
Pushes and throbs through an eternal plan;
The Mind that chains the singing stars in place
Implores fulfilment in the soul of man.

O God, give us the whirlwind vision! Let us see,
Clear-eyed, that flame creation we call earth,
And man, the shining image, like to Thee.
Let the new age come swiftly to the birth,
When this—*Thy* world—shall know itself divine;
And mortals, waking from their dream of sense,
Shall ask no proof, no message, and no sign—
Man's larger *sight* the unanswerable evidence!

VII.

THE WOMAN

It is she who makes ready the army when day is at
hand,

When the bugle of labor is blowing its mighty com-
mand.

Oh, fierce are the feet of the workers who answer the
call,

But swifter and fiercer the toil that hath weaponed
them all.

Do we boast of their brawn? Do we trumpet the cause
of the fighter

Who marches at rise of the sun?

Lo! look to the woman! The heat of her labor is
whiter:

Ere the work of the world has begun

She is up, and her banners are flying from yard and
from alley,

The roofs are a-flutter with eloquent streamers of
snow;

Oh, not for a moment her passionate fingers may dally,
Till the soldier is shod and is fed and made ready
to go.

Oh, weary the heart of the host when the battle is
done,
But the woman is laboring still with the set of the sun.
Does the worker return? She is able and eager with
bread.
Does he faint? There is cheer for his soul and delight
for his head.
Do we trumpet our gain? Do we sing of our land and
its thunder
Of factory, quarry and mill?
Lo! look to the woman! Her love, it hath compassed
the wonder,
And the army swings on at her will.
For hers is the whip, and her spur is the fighter's sal-
vation—
In the strength of Jehovah she comes.
Her faith is the sword and her thrift is the shield of
the nation,
And her courage is greater than drums.
March, march, march, to your victories, O Man!
Fight, fight, fight, as you've fought since time began.
But she who hath wed you and fed you and sped you,
Fulfilling Eternity's laws,
It is she who hath soldiered the Cause!

HOW IS FILIPPA TO LIVE?

How is Filippa to live? Will you say,
You lords of finance, who meagerly pay
That your profits may crown you the kings of to-day?
You, whose yachts and whose motors, whose houses
and lands

Are bought by the labor of Filippa's hands,
*Do you know of a way that the body be fed
Save by bread?*

In a world where the price of one's breathing is gold,
Can you tell of a way one may shelter from cold
Save by roofs that are rented for dollars and cents?
Yet you dare to reward with your miserly pence!
Do you dream she could thrive on the pittance you
give?

Speak! How is Filippa to live?

How is Filippa to live? Can you tell?
Did you ever go down when misfortune befell?
Are you willing to stand as the pickets of hell
When a frail woman creature is struggling alone
And hunger and lack are a bite in the bone?

You, who fatten and prosper on Filippa's tears,
On her delicate years,
*Do you know how the breath can be kept in a man
Without food, without fire? Have you heard of a
plan,*

Can you tell of a way? Only speak! She will hear,
She will bend, oh, so gladly, her desperate ear.
She is eager to fight on the pittance you give,
Yet—how is Filippa to live?

Filippa is fair and her hands are like lace;
There is love in her heart, there are dreams in her face
As she bends to her task with a beautiful grace.
Filippa is pure as your sister or wife,
Unknowing as they the fierce evil of life,
But her clothing is worn, and her shoes are so thin,
And the price of relief—for Filippa—is sin.
When the soles of her feet
Meet the snow of the street,
And the great primal instinct comes shouting its claim,
Who can frown? Who can blame?
Ah, the beggarly pittance you give—
Think! How is Filippa to live?

Can you look? Do you see? Can you sit at your ease
O sleek money prince, can you live as you please
When you know in your soul you have harmed "one of
these"?

You, who profit while she and her sisters go down,
You, who barter her body to buy you a crown!
Shame, shame on the nation that shelters this wrong
While praising Jehovah with prayer and with song.
And shame to the women who shrug and who sigh,
But offer no help as Filippa goes by.

Why, the whole world of women should rise to de-
mand

That value be paid for the work of her hand;
And the whole world of men should do battle as one
For the sake of all women, till justice is done.

For the crime is not done to Filippa alone—
The whole race must suffer, the race must atone;
And the race, it must fight you, O king, till you give
Filippa a *reason* to live!

CHRISTIAN!

Christian! Who calls us Christian? We,
Who trumpet our creed from sea to sea,
Who bridge the ocean with eager hands
To rescue the pagan of other lands,
Yet breed our criminals in the womb—
Product of factory and loom
Where mothers, toiling from early morn,
Barter the strength of the child unborn.

Oh, did we live the Christian creed,
Did we feel the blade of human need,
Would millions of men be underfed
And others surfeited with bread?
Could we take these counterfeit shapes of men,
Drive them, cheat them, starve them—then,
When the God-spark burst in rebellious flame,
Curse them with prison and with shame,
Shut them from starlight and the sun,
Punished for crimes that we have done?
Criminals we call them—we!
For our eyes are holden; we cannot see

Fruit of exhausted motherhood
Slaving to earn the daily food.

Christian! Who calls us Christian? We,
Who chant our hymns of a life to be,
And close our eyes to the living sore
Eating its way to the nation's core;
Who flaunt our virtues throughout the earth,
Singing the great Redeemer's birth,
While evils naked within the land
Cry for the swift destroyer's hand.

Oh, could we hurl the Christian speech
Wherever the whip of God could reach,
Would little children, against His will,
Labor in factory and mill,
Thwarting the Maker's perfect plan,
When out of his love he created man?
Oh, could we rage as the Saviour raged,
Would innocence be trapped and caged,
The virtue of woman bought and sold
For the sin of man that is ages old?
*We would scourge them all from the holy place,
Thieves that plunder the human race.*

Christian! Who calls us Christian? We,
Who poison the veins of the race to be!

Not till we give God's man a chance,
Shall we see humanity's whole advance.
Man shall not realize his dream,
Till motherhood is the gift supreme.
Not till the meanest has his place
In the forward march of the human race;
Not till the poorest has the right
To love and honor and food and light;
Not till the weakest knows his might,
Till we free the captive and sheathe the sword;
Not till we stand before the Lord—
A nation splendid and unafraid,
Made in the image that God made,
No man a tyrant and none a slave,
Shall the world be saved, as He meant to save!

THE COMING MAN

A man cries out in the wilderness,
And he has a terrible thing to tell.
He cries aloud to age and youth—
His words are hot with the sting of truth
And fierce as the bite of hell.

A man cries out in the wilderness,
For his heart is raw to the world's distress;
His soul is seared with the people's shame,
And his message brands like flame.

Oh, his breast is scarred and his hands are torn
He has blazed the trail through hate and scorn.
Vice and ignorance, wrong and wrack—
These are the foes he has beaten back;
These are the beasts he holds at bay,
And he cries: "Make way! Make way!
Make way for the race that is to be—
The conquering race, the coming man,
Clean, courageous, intrepid, free,
Pure as the great God's plan.

"Dream of the ages—a vision dim—
Martyrs have burned and died for him;

Prophets have prophesied with voices
 In times we have long ago have passed;
 To men of old in the wilderness
 And the wilderness was a land of
 To men of old in the wilderness
 And he prophesied for the human race,
 To all men a true word, true as iron
 And the word was in the world
 For the word was in the world
 For the word was in the world
 But we cannot in words make sense, nor sense;
 But we cannot in words make sense, nor sense;
 And the word was in the world
 For the word was in the world
 For the word was in the world
 A man came and in the wilderness,
 And his heart is now in the world's distress.
 With terrible truth his feet are shod:
 "Make way - make way for the sons of God!"

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